

2. Qu. Honoured Hypolita
Most dreaded Amazonian, that ha'st slaine
The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as strong
As it is white, wast neere to make the male
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour
First nature stilde it in, shrunke thee into
The bownd thou wast ore-flowing; at once subduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireffe
That equally canst poize sternenes with pitty,
Whom now I know hast much more power on him
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength,
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glaske of Ladies
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scotch,
Vnder the shaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field, lay swolne
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone
What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, say no more:
I had as leife trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken
Hart deepe with your distresse: Let him consider:
He speake anon.

3. Qu. O my petition was *kneele to Emilia*
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting forme
Is preft with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray stand up,
Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. Qu. O woe,
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,

Like

Like wrinckled peobles in a glasse streame
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alacke)
He that will all the Treasure know o'th earth
Must know the Center too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me:
Extremity that sharpens sundry wits
Makes me a Foole.

Emili. Pray you say nothing, pray you,
Who cannot feele, nor see the raine being in't,
Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if that you were
The ground-peece of some Painter, I would buy you
T'instru't me gainst a Capitall greefe indeed
Such heart peirc'd demonstration; but alas
Being a naturall Sister of our Sex
Your sorrow beates so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter reflect gainst
My Brothers heart, and warme it to some pitty
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort.
Thes. Forward to'th Temple, leave not out a lot
O'th sacred Ceremony.

1. Qu. O This Celebration
Will long last, and be more costly then,
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame
Knowles in the eare, o'th world: what you doe quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more.
Then others laboured meditant: your premeditating
More then their actions: But oh Iove, your actions
Soone as they mooves as Asprays doe the fish,
Subdue before they touch, thinke, deere Duke thinke
What beds our slaine Kings have.

2. Qu. What greifes our beds
That our deere Lords have none.

3. Qu. None fit for'th dead:
Those that with Cordes, Knives, drams precipitance,
Weary of this worlds light, have to themselves
Beene dearthes most horrid Agents, humane grace
Affords them dust and shaddow.

1. Qu. But our Lords

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Lie